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AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

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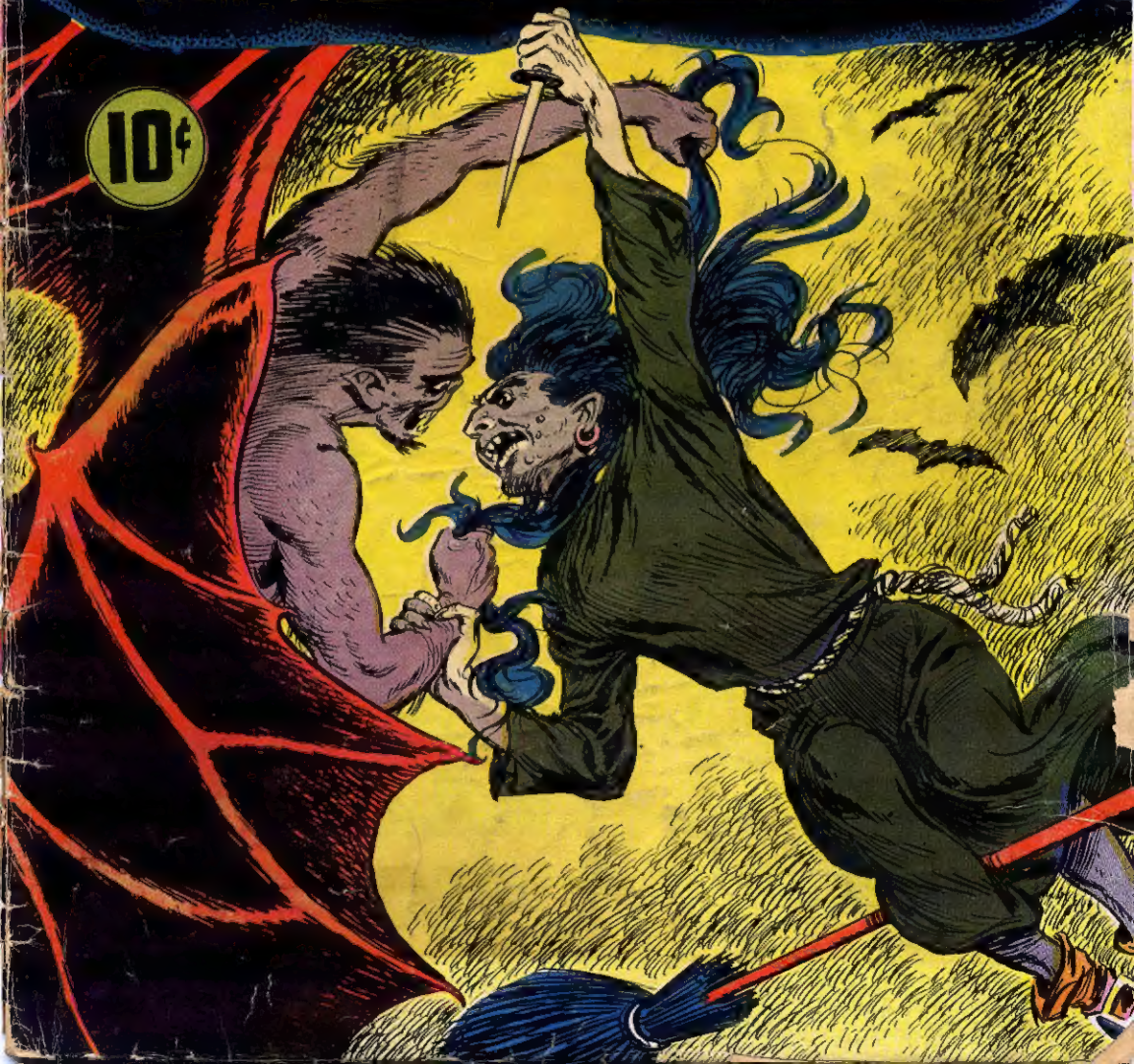
OUT OF the NIGHT

10¢



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THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!

You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH---CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH---THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've NEVER read a western like this--- it's an action-packed killer-diller! So--- don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

10¢ ON ALL STANDS

The WEIRD WINDOW

HOW WOULD **YOU** FEEL IF YOU LOOKED OUT YOUR WINDOW, READER···AND FOUND THAT A FANTASTIC, UNEARTHLY **WORLD OF THE DEAD** HAD REPLACED THE FAMILIAR SCENERY OUTSIDE? WOULD YOU BELIEVE YOUR OWN EYES WHEN EVIL **GHOSTS** CLIMBED THROUGH THAT **WEIRD WINDOW**? WELL, HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF HOW THE **PARKER FAMILY** REACTED TO JUST SUCH A HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT!

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IT HIT THE NEW PARKER HOUSE! RUN!
CRASH!
OH, MY BEAUTIFUL PICTURE WINDOW! IF JIM COMES HOME AND SEES IT SMASHED, HE'LL THROW A FIT--- HE ALWAYS SAID IT WOULD COST TOO MUCH TO REPAIR IF IT EVER BROKE! HE ONLY GAVE IN BECAUSE I INSISTED ON IT---AND NOW I---I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT FIXED BEFORE HE COMES HOME!
FIX YOUR WINDOW, MADAM?
A GLAZIER---WHAT LUCK! HE MUST HAVE BEEN SENT BY HEAVEN---
---OR BY THE DEVIL! HE'S REPULSIVE---IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS JUST TO LOOK AT HIM!
ER--- HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I DO THIS TYPE OF WORK BECAUSE I LOVE IT---MY PRICE IS REALLY QUITE REASONABLE!
I HAD TO HIRE HIM, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT HIM! I'LL JUST DRAW THE DRAPES AND START PREPARING SUPPER FOR JIM AND TOMMY!
SOON AFTERWARD---
HI, MOM--- DAD AND I CAME BACK EARLY! THE FISH WEREN'T BITING!
HELLO, DARLING ---SAY, WHY DO YOU HAVE THE WINDOW DRAPES DRAWN SO EARLY?
THE GLAZIER COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE FINISHED YET--- I'LL HAVE TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTENTION FROM THE WINDOW!
UH---I HAVE A SLIGHT HEADACHE--- THE LIGHT BOTHERED ME! WHY DON'T YOU TWO PLAY A GAME OF CHECKERS TILL SUPPER'S READY?
2

FIVE MINUTES LATER---
YOUR MOVE, SON!
HOLY COW! LOOK, POP! COMING OUT OF THE DRAPES --- IT'S A --- G-GHOST!

NOW, TOMMY, I DON'T LIKE JOKES LIKE THAT! YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
BUT I--- I'M LOOKING AT ONE RIGHT NOW! THERE HE GOES ---WALKING RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

YOU TURNED AROUND TOO LATE---IT'S GONE! BUT I DID SEE IT---IT CAME FROM BEHIND THOSE DRAPES!
NONSENSE! HERE, I'LL DRAW THE DRAPES AND SHOW YOU THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL BEHIND THEM!
N---NO, JIM--- DON'T!

WHY NOT? HOLY SMOKE! WHAT--- WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR LAWN?
IT'S GONE! THERE'S A WHOLE NEW WORLD IN ITS PLACE---A WEIRD WORLD!

IT---IT MUST BE THAT NEW WINDOW---ER, I MEAN, WHO ARE THOSE EVIL-LOOKING MEN OUTSIDE?
I DON'T KNOW---BUT I'M GOING OUTSIDE AND TELL THEM TO GET OFF MY PROPERTY!

BUT OUTSIDE---
HUH? I DON'T GET IT--- I'M BACK ON MY OWN LAWN, JUST THE WAY IT WAS--- AND THERE'S NO ONE OUT HERE!
DAD---WE CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE, BUT WE CAN'T SEE YOU! AND THERE--- THERE'S ANOTHER GHOST COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

WELL, I'LL BE··· TOMMY WAS RIGHT! THOSE ARE SPECTERS OF SOME TYPE! I···I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

DAD···YOUR FIST WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

YOU···YOU'RE RIGHT, SON! BUT WHAT HAPPENED AND WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS? HOW COULD OUR WORLD BE TURNED TOPSY-TURVY SO FAST?
THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION, JIM···IT MUST BE THE WORK OF THAT CREEPY-LOOKING GLAZIER I HIRED TO PUT IN A NEW PICTURE WINDOW! I GUESS I'D BETTER TELL YOU ABOUT IT···

WHEN MRS. PARKER FINISHES HER STORY···
SO YOU THINK THIS IS SOME KIND OF DEVILISH WINDOW, EH? ···SAY···MY HANDS GO RIGHT THROUGH IT···AND THEY LOOK GHOSTLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW!
YEAH, AND LOOK AT THOSE CREEPS OUTSIDE BACK AWAY FROM YOU! IF THEY'RE GHOSTS IN OUR WORLD, MAYBE WE'D BE GHOSTS IN THEIRS···AND MAYBE THEY'RE AS AFRAID OF GHOSTS AS WE ARE!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, SON! THAT MEANS I'D BE BODILESS AND INVULNERABLE IN THEIR WORLD! I'M GOING OUT THERE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS!
BE CAREFUL··· PLEASE!

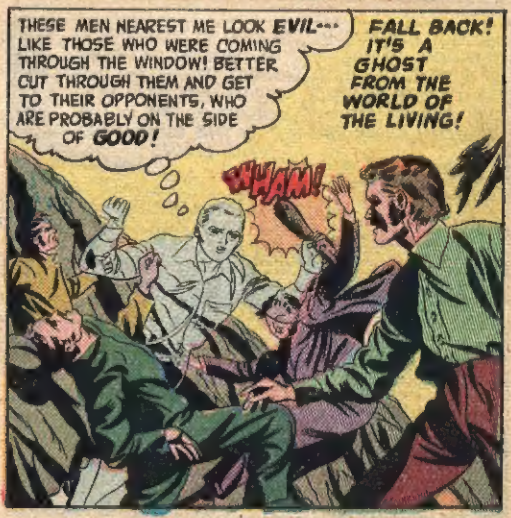
MOMENTS LATER···
I WAS RIGHT···HIS BLOW WENT RIGHT THROUGH ME! BUT THAT CLUB IS SOLID AND REAL···SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WREST IT OUT OF THIS CHARACTER'S HANDS···

···AND WHAMMO!
BLAM!

STEP THROUGH THE WINDOW, YOU TWO ···YOU'LL BE SAFER OUT HERE THAN INSIDE THE HOUSE!
C'MON, MOM ···DAD KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

IT···IT FEELS SO STRANGE TO BE··· BODILESS!
TAKE THIS CLUB, SON, AND USE IT ON ANY OF THOSE CHARACTERS WHO COME NEAR THE WINDOW···DON'T BE AFRAID OF THEM, BECAUSE THEY CAN'T EVEN TOUCH YOU! I'M-GOING OFF TO FIND OUT WHAT ALL THAT SHOUTING IS ABOUT IN THE DISTANCE!
DON'T WORRY, DAD···I'LL HOLD THE FORT HERE!

AS JIM PARKER STOLE TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE DISTURBANCE···
THEY'RE TRYIN' TO BEAT US BACK! GET 'EM!
LOOKS LIKE QUITE A SCRAP! THINK I'LL PITCH IN···BUT I'VE GOT TO PICK MY SIDE CAREFULLY!

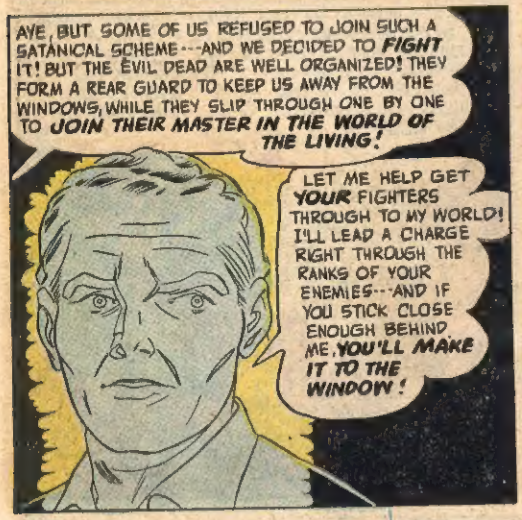

THESE MEN NEAREST ME LOOK EVIL··· LIKE THOSE WHO WERE COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW! BETTER CUT THROUGH THEM AND GET TO THEIR OPENTENTS, WHO ARE PROBABLY ON THE SIDE OF GOOD!
FALL BACK! IT'S A GHOST FROM THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!
WHAM!

AFTER BATTERING HIS WAY THROUGH THEIR RANKS···
I WAS RIGHT···THE MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE DO SEEM TO BE GOOD ···YOU CAN TELL IT FROM THEIR FACES!
WELCOME, FRIEND!

ANYONE WHO AIDS US IN OUR BATTLE AGAINST EVIL IS A WORTHY ALLY! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF ···I AM BROTHER JACKSON, A MISSIONARY WHO DIED IN 1679!
YOU··· YOU MEAN I'M IN THE WORLD OF THE···DEAD?
THE GHOST JOINED THEIR SIDE···WE DON'T DARE ATTACK THEM NOW!

AYE, THIS IS WORLD OF THE DEAD---WHICH IS WHY THE LIVING APPEAR AS GHOSTS HERE, JUST AS WE DEAD APPEAR AS SPIRITS IN YOUR WORLD! ORDINARILY, THE TWO WORLDS ARE ON DIFFERENT LEVELS---BUT NOW IT SEEMS THAT SOME LIVING MAN OF EVIL HAS LEARNED HOW TO BRIDGE THE GAP BY MEANS OF A DEVILISH WINDOW THAT BRINGS THE TWO LEVELS INTO ALIGNMENT!

HE HAS BEGUN RECRUITING ALL THE FIENDISH DEAD, GIVING THEM THE LOCATION OF EACH WINDOW HE SET UP---SO THAT THEY COULD ENTER THE WORLD OF THE LIVING! WHEN HE HAS ENOUGH EVIL HELPERS, HE PLANS TO CONQUER THE LIVING WORLD!
GREAT SCOTT--- THAT DEVILISH PLAN MIGHT WORK--- BECAUSE HIS GHOSTS WOULD BE INVULNERABLE IN MY WORLD!

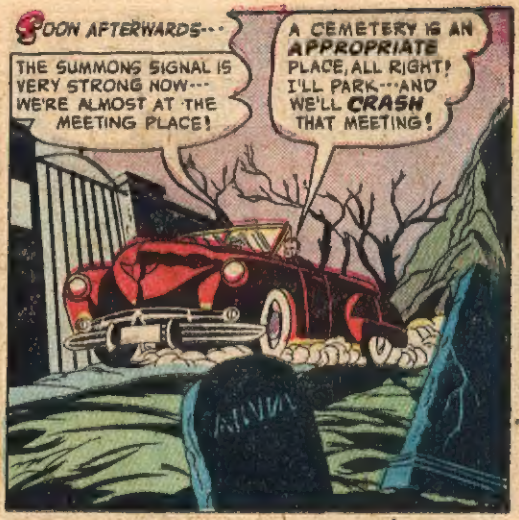

AYE, BUT SOME OF US REFUSED TO JOIN SUCH A SATANICAL SCHEME---AND WE DECIDED TO FIGHT IT! BUT THE EVIL DEAD ARE WELL ORGANIZED! THEY FORM A REAR GUARD TO KEEP US AWAY FROM THE WINDOWS, WHILE THEY SLIP THROUGH ONE BY ONE TO JOIN THEIR MASTER IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!
LET ME HELP GET YOUR FIGHTERS THROUGH TO MY WORLD! I'LL LEAD A CHARGE RIGHT THROUGH THE RANKS OF YOUR ENEMIES---AND IF YOU STICK CLOSE ENOUGH BEHIND ME, YOU'LL MAKE IT TO THE WINDOW!

GIVE WAY TILL THE GHOST PASSES--- THEN CLOSE IN ON HIS FOLLOWERS!
POW!

AFTER A MAD RUSH---
HI, DAD---LOOK--- I LOWERED THE BOOM ON A COUPLE OF GOONS!
ONLY WE TWO GOT THROUGH, FRIEND--- ALL THE OTHERS FELL!
YES, BUT WE'LL STRIKE BACK ONCE WE GET THROUGH THAT WINDOW! COME ON, BROTHER JACKSON!

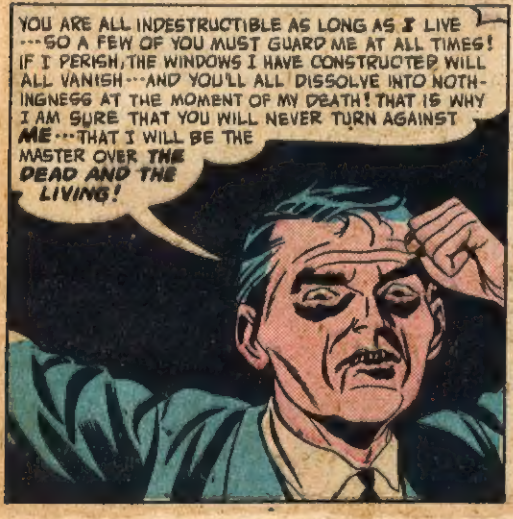
MINUTES LATER---
LOOK---WE BECAME SOLID AGAIN--- BUT HE BECAME GHOSTLY!
WAIT---I CAN HEAR THE SUMMONS CALLING ALL THE EVIL DEAD TO A MEETING WITH THEIR MASTER WHO BROUGHT THEM TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!
WE'LL OBEY THAT SUMMONS!

NOW LISTEN, TOMMY---STAND CLOSE TO THE WINDOW WITH THIS CLUB! IF ANY OF THOSE GOONS TRY CLIMBING THROUGH WHILE I'M GONE, THEY'LL BE TEMPORARILY WEAKENED IN THE MOMENT OF PASSING FROM ONE WORLD TO THE OTHER! THEN--- LET 'EM HAVE IT!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, DAD!


SOON AFTERWARDS---
THE SUMMONS SIGNAL IS VERY STRONG NOW--- WE'RE ALMOST AT THE MEETING PLACE!
A CEMETERY IS AN APPROPRIATE PLACE, ALL RIGHT! I'LL PARK---AND WE'LL CRASH THAT MEETING!

SHH---THERE THEY ARE! THAT MUST BE THEIR MASTER SPEAKING!
HEAR ME, MY LEGION OF THE EVIL DEAD! THERE ARE ENOUGH OF YOU HERE NOW FOR US TO STRIKE! AT MY FEET ARE CRATES OF RIFLES AND GUNS! SOON YOU SHALL BE TURNING THEM ON LIVING HUMANS!

BUT THE LIVING CAN'T STOP YOU WITH ANY WEAPONS! FIRST WE WILL SEIZE THE STATE GOVERNMENT, KILLING ALL THE OFFICIALS AND BROADCASTING A WARNING TO THE WORLD, THREATENING ALL WITH A SIMILAR FATE UNLESS THEY YIELD! WE WILL WIPE OUT ALL WHO RESIST US--- AND THEN WE WILL RULE THE EARTH!


YOU ARE ALL INDESTRUCTIBLE AS LONG AS I LIVE ---SO A FEW OF YOU MUST GUARD ME AT ALL TIMES! IF I PERISH, THE WINDOWS I HAVE CONSTRUCTED WILL ALL VANISH---AND YOU'LL ALL DISSOLVE INTO NOTHINGNESS AT THE MOMENT OF MY DEATH! THAT IS WHY I AM SURE THAT YOU WILL NEVER TURN AGAINST ME---THAT I WILL BE THE MASTER OVER THE DEAD AND THE LIVING!

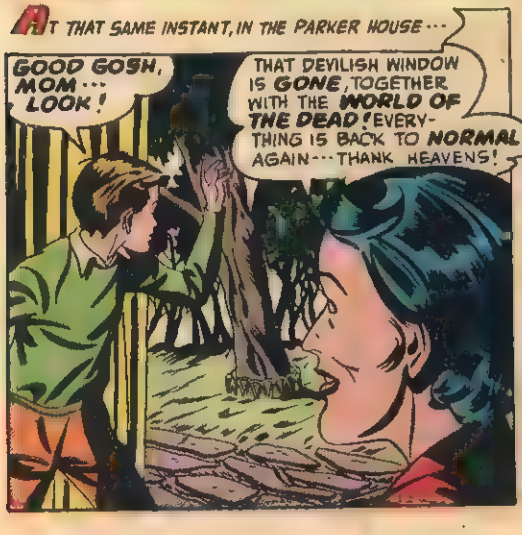
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT FIEND SOMEHOW---THE FATE OF THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT STAKE!
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY! I WILL RUSH OUT AND CREATE A DIVERSION, SO THAT THE EVIL DEAD WILL LEAVE THEIR MASTER'S SIDE TO DESTROY ME---AND YOU WILL BE FREE TO DESTROY HIM! FAREWELL, MY FRIEND!

DOWN WITH HIM! DOWN WITH THE FIEND WHO LEADS YOU!
IT'S ONE OF THE GOOD DEAD--- SEIZE HIM!

AS THE GHOSTS RUSH FORWARD TO DEFEND THEIR MASTER---
NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET A RIFLE AND ---OOPS!---I WOULD HAVE TO STEP ON A BRANCH!
A SNOOPER, EH? YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS!
CRAK!

I DON'T DIE SO EASILY, CREEP---AND THIS IS FOR HUMANITY!
YAAGHHH!
CLANG!

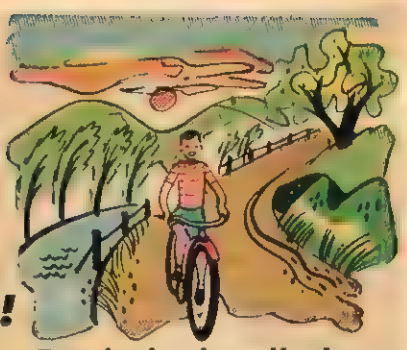
HE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID ALL THE GHOSTS WOULD DISSOLVE INTO NOTHINGNESS AT THE MOMENT OF HIS DEATH--- IT'S JUST WHAT'S HAPPENING!


AT THAT SAME INSTANT, IN THE PARKER HOUSE---
GOOD GOSH, MOM--- LOOK!
THAT DEVILISH WINDOW IS GONE, TOGETHER WITH THE WORLD OF THE DEAD! EVERYTHING IS BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN---THANK HEAVENS!

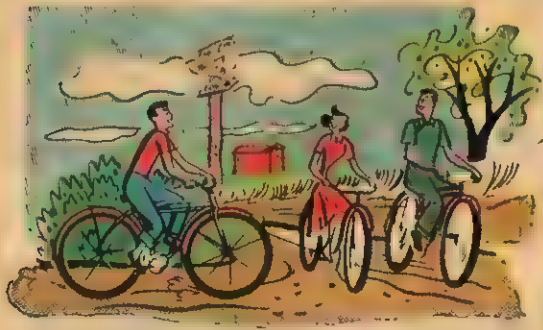
LATER---
I DISLIKE PICTURE WINDOWS NOW ALMOST AS MUCH AS YOU DO, DARLING! I THINK I'LL HAVE THE ENTIRE WALL BRICKED UP, EXCEPT FOR JUST AN ORDINARY-SIZED WINDOW!
YES---AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THE WINDOW IS PUT IN BY JUST AN ORDINARY GLAZIER!
8.

"CHAIN REACTION"

with U. S. Royal Chain Tires!



Touch the handle bars —you get "pin-point" steering control from the U. S. Royal Chain Tread! You really feel the difference.



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LE ZOMBIE

HENRY PRITCHETT WAS the kind of American tourist who cast discredit upon America wherever he went. He was smugly superior, always mocking native customs and traditions, and treating the natives themselves with unconcealed contempt. Here in Haiti he was no different.

He was slightly drunk as he staggered into the small bar on the outskirts of Port au Prince on the fourth day of his visit. He liked being drunk, because in that condition he was able to ignore his own mediocrities and feel himself superior to everyone around him.

"Haiti...*bah!*" he muttered as he pushed aside the few natives at the bar. They looked at him curiously and moved aside to give him room.

"It's a phoney country," Pritchett said pugnaciously to the old, wizened bartender. "I came here to see voodoo ceremonies and zombies...but all I found were tourist traps and performances for suckers who don't know any better. But they didn't fool Henry Pritchett...I'm too smart to be taken in by bush leaguers like you Haitians."

"It is true that most of the ceremonies and performances are not genuine voodoo," the native bartender said softly. "The practice of voodoo is forbidden by the laws of the country...so its true practitioners must perform their rites in secret, behind a false front of respectability."

"Bah...there's no such thing as voodoo," Pritchett roared, banging his fist down hard on the bar. "Now gimme a drink, you shriveled-up monkey, before I take my money somewhere else!"

The bartender surveyed him calmly, and said imperturbably, "Allow me to *suggest* a drink for you, sir. It is called *le Zombie*...and you will not have been initiated into the mysteries of Haiti if you leave our country without having tasted it. But I warn you...your system may not be able to withstand its effects."

"Bah...I can outdrink any of you backwater natives. I've had plenty of drinks called Zombies back in the States, and they didn't faze me one bit...so let's have your concoction."

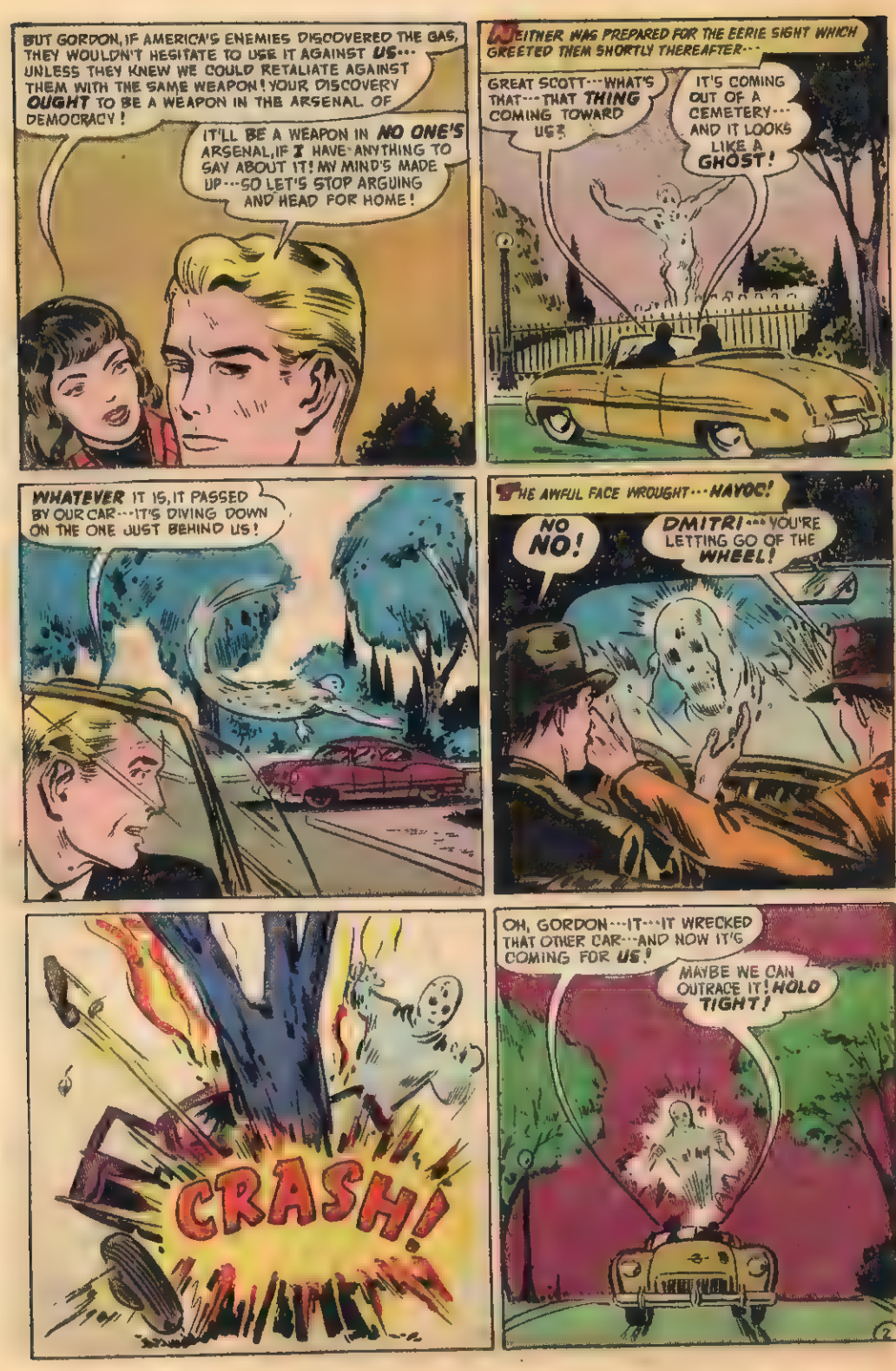
His eyes on the bartender, Pritchett didn't notice that the natives at the bar were slowly edging away from him, as if in awe. When the drink was handed to him, he downed it in one gulp...and said triumphantly, "See that? Didn't faze me...one...bit..."

It was pitch dark when Pritchett awoke ...he must have been asleep for hours. For a few minutes he lay still, trying to remember what had happened after he drank *le Zombie*...but his mind was a blank. Then, when he tried to move, he found to his amazement that his whole body seemed to be under some strange weight. Frightened, he began struggling in panic, thrashing with his legs and clawing with his hands to free himself from the substance that enclosed him.

Finally, after strenuous efforts, he managed to struggle to his feet. It was still pitch dark. Puzzled, Pritchett pawed at his eyes and found that some of the substance that had covered his body had caked over his closed eyes.

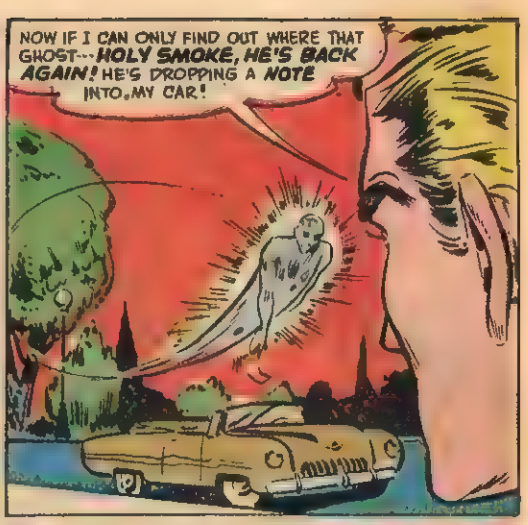
When he finally removed enough of it to open his eyes, he looked around...and gasped, horror-struck. For he was standing in a shallow dirt grave...and his clothes and body were covered with clay. "But if...if I was in that grave, I'd have smothered to death in a few minutes," Pritchett thought, clapping his hand to his heart. And when he felt no beat, he knew the agonizing truth...the *le Zombie* had changed him into a creature of the same name!

The UNKNOWN GHOST
GET SET FOR ONE OF THE STRANGEST SUPERNATURAL STORIES YOU'VE EVER READ, READER! IT'S THE EERIE TALE OF AN UNKNOWN GHOST, WHOSE IDENTITY NEVER WAS AND NEVER WILL BE KNOWN --- BUT A GHOST THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF TRUE AMERICANS!
JOE KELLY 1892 1914
R I P CAMERON 1924 - 1952
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, DARLING --- I THOUGHT YOU CAME HERE TO WASHINGTON TO TURN YOUR DISCOVERY OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT! WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE SORRIER I AM I EVER MADE THAT DISCOVERY! IF IT WERE EVER USED, I'D BE THE MURDERER OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF PEOPLE! WHY, MY NEW NERVE GAS IS SO POWERFUL THAT JUST ONE OUNCE OF IT WOULD BE ENOUGH TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THIS CITY!
IT'S TRUE THAT MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO COME HERE AND HAND THE FORMULA FOR THE GAS OVER TO THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT --- BUT NOW MY CONSCIENCE IS BEGINNING TO BOTHER ME! I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT --- I'M GOING TO DESTROY THE FORMULA!

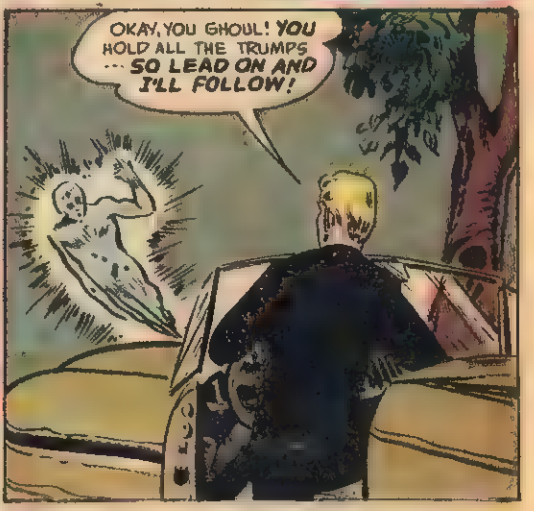

BUT GORDON, IF AMERICA'S ENEMIES DISCOVERED THE GAS, THEY WOULDN'T HESITATE TO USE IT AGAINST US··· UNLESS THEY KNEW WE COULD RETALIATE AGAINST THEM WITH THE SAME WEAPON! YOUR DISCOVERY OUGHT TO BE A WEAPON IN THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY!
IT'LL BE A WEAPON IN NO ONE'S ARSENAL, IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! MY MIND'S MADE UP···SO LET'S STOP ARGUING AND HEAD FOR HOME!
NEITHER WAS PREPARED FOR THE EERIE SIGHT WHICH GREETED THEM SHORTLY THEREAFTER···
GREAT SCOTT···WHAT'S THAT···THAT THING COMING TOWARD US?
IT'S COMING OUT OF A CEMETERY··· AND IT LOOKS LIKE A GHOST!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT PASSED BY OUR CAR···IT'S DIVING DOWN ON THE ONE JUST BEHIND US!
THE AWFUL FACE WROUGHT··· NAYOC!
NO NO!
DMITRI··· YOU'RE LETTING GO OF THE WHEEL!
CRASH!
OH, GORDON···IT···IT WRECKED THAT OTHER CAR···AND NOW IT'S COMING FOR US!
MAYBE WE CAN OUTRACE IT! HOLD TIGHT!

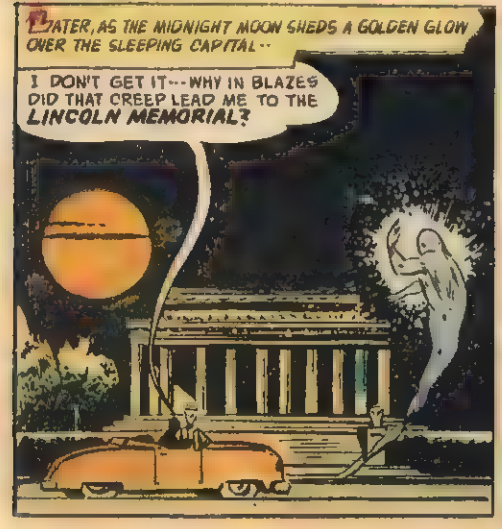
IT---IT'S NO USE--- IT CAUGHT UP TO US!
IT'S BLOCKING MY VISION, JUST THE WAY IT DID WITH THAT OTHER DRIVER! I'D BETTER JAM ON THE BRAKES BEFORE WE CRASH!
SCREECH!
AS THE CAR GRINDS TO A SHUDDERING HALT---
IT'S HEADING FOR YOU, JANE---AND MY BRAINS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY EFFECT! QUICK---MAKE A RUN FOR IT!
POW!
BUT FLIGHT WAS USELESS---
IT---IT GOT HER!
OHHH!
THERE IT GOES---AND I--- I'M POWERLESS TO HELP!
I'VE GOT TO RESCUE JANE SOMEHOW---BUT TO DO THAT, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THE GHOST IS AND WHAT IT'S REALLY AFTER! MAYBE I'LL GET A LEAD IF I FIND OUT WHY THE GHOST WRECKED THE CAR IN BACK OF ME---AND SPARED MY CAR!
THEY'RE DEAD, ALL RIGHT!---GREAT SCOTT--- THESE CARDS IN THEIR WALLETS SHOW THAT THEY WERE F-B-I MEN! THEY MUST HAVE GOTTEN SOME INFORMATION ABOUT MY DISCOVERY AND WERE TAILING ME! BUT IF THE GHOST KILLED THEM, THEN IT'S AN EVIL GHOST---AND JANE IS IN DEADLY DANGER!
3.

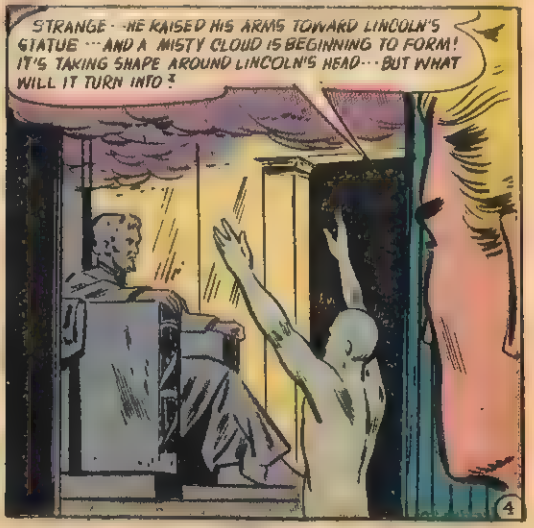
MINUTES LATER···
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS? I'M REPORTING AN ACCIDENT AT THE NORTH END OF ARLINGTON CEMETERY···TWO OF YOUR AGENTS WERE KILLED IN AN AUTO CRASH THERE! NO, I'M SORRY, I CAN'T GIVE MY NAME···I CAN'T WAIT AROUND FOR THE INQUIRY···I'VE GOT A MORE IMPORTANT JOB TO ATTEND TO!
OIL
FREE AIR

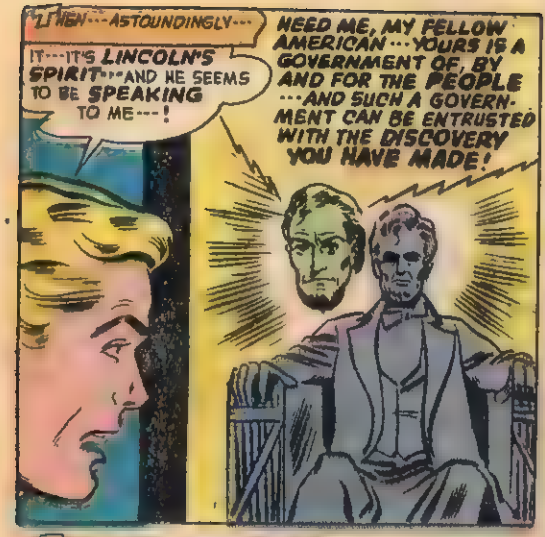

NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND OUT WHERE THAT GHOST···HOLY SMOKE, HE'S BACK AGAIN! HE'S DROPPING A NOTE INTO MY CAR!

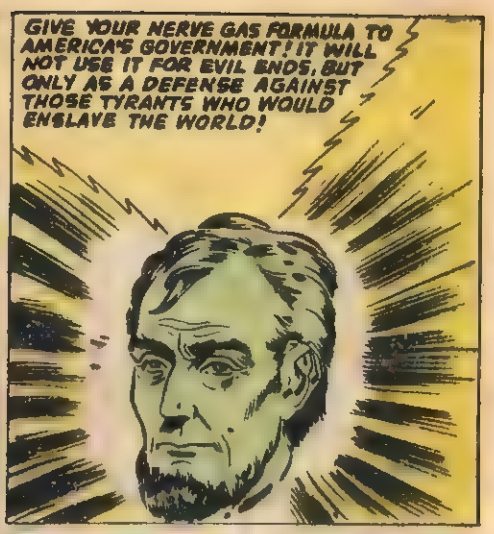
IT'S IN JANE'S HANDWRITING! ···"DARLING···THE GHOST CAN'T SPEAK, BUT HE SCRATCHED A MESSAGE FOR ME IN THE GROUND! HE WROTE THAT I WOULD BE HELD CAPTIVE AS LONG AS YOU KEPT THE FORMULA OF YOUR DISCOVERY···AND THAT YOU SHOULD FOLLOW HIM IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE ME AGAIN!"

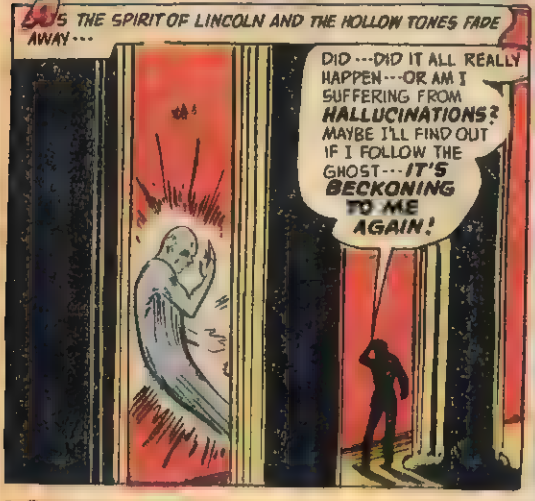

OKAY, YOU GHOUL! YOU HOLD ALL THE TRUMPS ···SO LEAD ON AND I'LL FOLLOW!

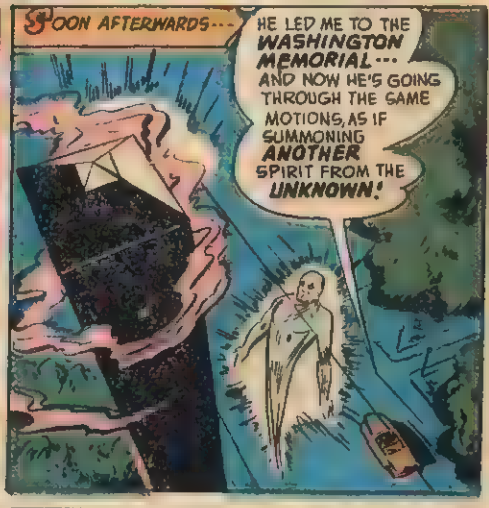

LATER, AS THE MIDNIGHT MOON SHEDS A GOLDEN GLOW OVER THE SLEEPING CAPITAL··
I DON'T GET IT···WHY IN BLAZES DID THAT CREEP LEAD ME TO THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL?

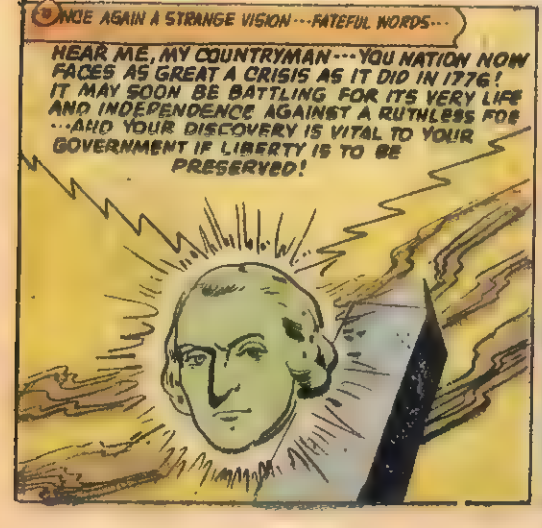

STRANGE··HE RAISED HIS ARMS TOWARD LINCOLN'S STATUE ···AND A MISTY CLOUD IS BEGINNING TO FORM! IT'S TAKING SHAPE AROUND LINCOLN'S HEAD···BUT WHAT WILL IT TURN INTO?

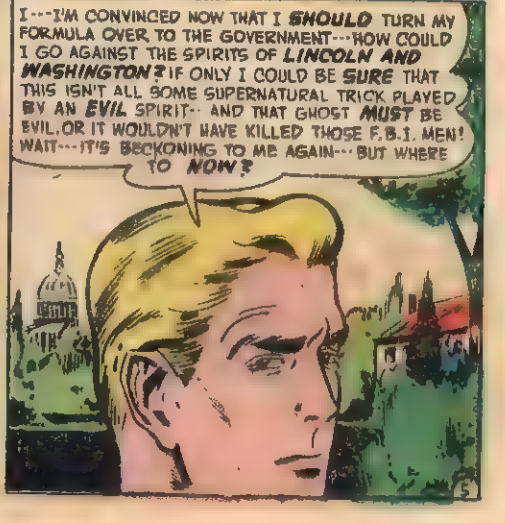

THEN---ASTOUNDINGLY---
IT---IT'S LINCOLN'S SPIRIT---AND HE SEEMS TO BE SPEAKING TO ME---!
HEED ME, MY FELLOW AMERICAN---YOURS IS A GOVERNMENT OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE---AND SUCH A GOVERNMENT CAN BE ENTRUSTED WITH THE DISCOVERY YOU HAVE MADE!


GIVE YOUR NERVE GAS FORMULA TO AMERICA'S GOVERNMENT! IT WILL NOT USE IT FOR EVIL ENDS, BUT ONLY AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THOSE TYRANTS WHO WOULD ENSLAVE THE WORLD!


AS THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN AND THE HOLLOW TONES FADE AWAY---
DID---DID IT ALL REALLY HAPPEN---OR AM I SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATIONS? MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT IF I FOLLOW THE GHOST---IT'S BECKONING TO ME AGAIN!


SOON AFTERWARDS---
HE LED ME TO THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL--- AND NOW HE'S GOING THROUGH THE SAME MOTIONS, AS IF SUMMONING ANOTHER SPIRIT FROM THE UNKNOWN!

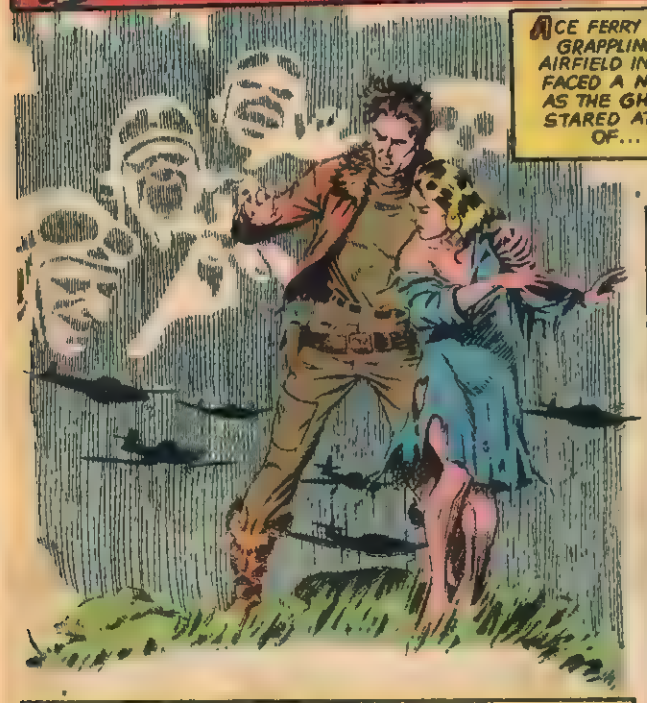

ONCE AGAIN A STRANGE VISION---FATEFUL WORDS---
HEAR ME, MY COUNTRYMAN---YOU NATION NOW FACES AS GREAT A CRISIS AS IT DID IN 1776! IT MAY SOON BE BATTLING FOR ITS VERY LIFE AND INDEPENDENCE AGAINST A RUTHLESS FOE---AND YOUR DISCOVERY IS VITAL TO YOUR GOVERNMENT IF LIBERTY IS TO BE PRESERVED!


I---I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT I SHOULD TURN MY FORMULA OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT---HOW COULD I GO AGAINST THE SPIRITS OF LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON? IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE THAT THIS ISN'T ALL SOME SUPERNATURAL TRICK PLAYED BY AN EVIL SPIRIT-- AND THAT GHOST MUST BE EVIL, OR IT WOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THOSE F.B.I. MEN! WAIT---IT'S BECKONING TO ME AGAIN---BUT WHERE TO NOW?

SOON AFTERWARDS...
STRANGE---THE GHOST LED ME BACK TO THE CEMETERY ROAD---AND THEN IT DIS-APPEARED!---SAY, I WONDER WHY THE POLICE HAVE THE ROAD BLOCKED OFF LIKE THAT?
THIS ROAD'S TEMPORARILY CLOSED TO TRAFFIC! A COUPLE OF FOREIGN SPIES WITH PHONEY F.B.I. CARDS ON 'EM WERE MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED HERE, AND THE F.B.I. IS SCOURING THE AREA FOR CLUES TO THEIR DEATHS!
IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW! THOSE SPIES MUST HAVE GOTTEN WIND OF MY DISCOVERY, AND WERE FOLLOWING ME TO SEIZE IT! AND THAT MEANS---THE GHOST ISN'T EVIL!
AND NOW THAT I KNOW HIS MOTIVES WERE GOOD, I WON'T HESITATE ANY LONGER IN TURNING MY DISCOVERY OVER TO THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT ---JUST AS SOON AS I CAN FIND JANE! WAIT--- THERE'S THE GHOST AGAIN, BECKONING ME INTO THE CEMETERY!
JANE!
OH, DARLING, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER COME!
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, HONEY! I'VE SEEN THE LIGHT---THAT GHOST AND A FEW OTHER SPIRITS CONVINCED ME I'D BE DOING THE RIGHT THING BY TURNING OVER THE FORMULA TO THE GOVERNMENT! BUT I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHO THE GHOST IS!
WELL, NOW THAT HIS MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED HE'S PROBABLY GOING BACK TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE---SO PERHAPS WE CAN LEARN HIS IDENTITY BY FOLLOWING HIM!
LOOK---HE---HE'S DISAPPEARING INTO THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!
YES, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER MUST HAVE SENSED HE WAS NEEDED! HE WAS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ALL THE DEAD WHO DIDN'T WANT TO DIE IN VAIN ---BUT WHO MIGHT HAVE UNLESS YOU ADDED YOUR NEW WEAPON TO THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY!
THE END!
6

The PHANTOM FLIERS

ACE FERRY PILOT, BILL CHALMERS, WAS USED TO GRAPPLING WITH DANGER! BUT AT A HIDDEN AIRFIELD IN THE UNEXPLORED HIMALAYAS, HE FACED A NEW AND INTANGIBLE TERROR -- AS THE GHASTLY FATE OF ETERNAL DAMNATION STARED AT HIM FROM THE HAUNTED EYES OF... THE PHANTOM FLIERS!



THEY SURE DID A ROTTEN JOB OF RECONDITIONING THIS PLANE! THE MANIFOLD PRESSURE IS FALLING, AND NOW THE RADIO COMPASS HAS GONE ON THE BLINK! IF THIS OVERCAST GETS ANY WORSE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO NAVIGATE!

THE JOB OF FLYING A REBUILT WORLD WAR II FIGHTER PLANE FROM ASSAM, INDIA, TO KARACHI, WAS JUST A ROUTINE FLIGHT FOR BILL CHALMERS! BUT SUDDENLY, OVER THE UNEXPLORED HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS...

AN HOUR LATER...

LET'S FACE IT-- I'M LOST! I COULD BE ANYWHERE OVER A 1000 SQUARE-MILE MOUNTAIN AREA THAT'S INACCESSIBLE AND UNEXPLORED! AND NOW THE ENGINE'S MISSING... I'M LOSING ALTITUDE!

I-- I WON'T BE ABLE TO CLEAR THOSE MOUNTAINS! CAN'T THINK OF A WORSE PLACE FOR IT, BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT! HEY, WAIT!-- THOSE SPECKS... THEY LOOK LIKE PLANES!

AS BILL HEADS HIS CRIPPLE PLANE TOWARDS THE STRANGE AIR FLEET...
HOLY COW! IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON, LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST WAR! I'LL WAVE TO THEM... TRY TO SIGNAL THAT I'M IN TROUBLE!
THEY'RE RETURNING MY WAVE -- AND THEY DON'T SEEM AWFULLY SURPRISED TO SEE ME! NOW THEY'RE POINTING DOWN, LOWERING THEIR WHEELS... THE LANDING SIGNAL! BUT THERE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE A FIELD WITHIN 500 MILES OF HERE!
IT CAN'T BE... BUT IT IS! A CONCRETE LANDING STRIP! WELL -- ANY PORT IN A STORM!
SECONDS LATER...
AMMO! ROCKETS! WHY, IT'S ACTUALLY AN OPERATIONAL FIGHTER BASE! BUT WHO ARE THEY FIGHTING? I'LL TALK TO THESE PILOTS AND FIND OUT!
AMUN
WHAT A HARD-LOOKING BUNCH! TO RECRUIT THEM, THEY MUST HAVE SCRAPED THE BOTTOM OF EVERY AIR FORCE IN THE WORLD!
MY NAME IS BILL CHALMERS! I'M FROM..
I KNOW... ANOTHER RECRUIT! NEVER MIND WHERE YOU'RE FROM... WE'RE NOT INTERESTED! I'M BORTH, THE SQUADRON LEADER! YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO BLACK FLIGHT!
WAIT! BORTH! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! LISTEN... SOMEBODY!
NO SPEAK ENGLEESH!

LISTEN, BORTH, THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE! I DON'T BELONG HERE! I--
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, AT FIRST! NOW GET TO YOUR ASSIGNED QUARTERS! YOU'LL FLY YOUR FIRST MISSION AT DAWN TOMORROW!
GREAT SCOTT! A GIRL!--AND SHE'S WEARING A TATTERED AMERICAN ARMY NURSE'S UNIFORM! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SENSE OUT OF HER!
SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE AN AMERICAN! MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S WITH THIS COCK-EYED SET UP!
DON'T TRY TO KID ME! YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF THESE CREEPS! NOW GET OUT OF HERE, AND LEAVE ME ALONE!
THAT NIGHT, IN HIS QUARTERS...
THERE'S SOMETHING UNEARTHLY ABOUT THIS PLACE! THESE PILOTS... THEY ALL HAVE THE SAME GHASTLY, DEAD-PANNED LOOK! I'M SURE ONE IS NAKAMOTO, THE MOST FEARED JAP ACE... AND ANOTHER LOOKS LIKE ZUKOFF, THE NOTORIOUS RUSSIAN, BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD! BUT NO ONE WILL TALK TO ME-- NOT EVEN THAT NURSE! I'LL JUST HAVE TO STRING ALONG-- MAYBE ON THAT MISSION TOMORROW---
NEXT MORNING...
THEY'VE ISSUED ME ONE OF THEIR PLANES... AN OLD MESSERSCHMIDT... AND SHE'S ARMED TO THE TEETH! I WONDER WHAT OUR TARGET CAN POSSIBLY BE, IN THIS UNINHABITED AREA?
THIS BARREN TERRAIN LOOKS ALL ALIKE... BUT IF I CAN JUST GET MY BEARINGS... WH-WHY, THIS INSTRUMENT PANEL HAS NO COMPASS IN IT!
WE'VE FLOWN ONLY 10 MINUTES...THERE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ANYTHING TO ATTACK OUT HERE! BUT THEY'RE PEELING OFF IN ATTACK FORMATION!
PREPARE TO ATTACK!
THEN, LIKE AN INCREDIBLE MIRAGE, BILL SEES ON THE DESOLATE MOUNTAINSIDE...
A TOWN! WHY...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I KNOW THIS WHOLE AREA IS UNINHABITED!
3

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT TOWN THIS IS... BUT IT'S A CINCH THERE AREN'T ANY MILITARY TARGETS IN SUCH A PEACEFUL-LOOKING PLACE!.... WHAT THE...? THEY'RE OPENING FIRE, ANYWAY!
BOOM!!
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S INHUMAN! THEY'RE STRAFING CIVILIANS... WOMEN AND CHILDREN! I-- I WON'T FIRE A SHOT!
RAT-TAT-TAT
BOOM!!
As THE FIENDISH MASSACRE CONTINUES...
ROCKETS AND FIRE BOMBS! THERE WON'T BE A PERSON LEFT ALIVE! HOW CAN THEY BRING THEMSELVES TO CONTINUE THE ATTACK?--YET, THEY KEEP DIVING, AS IF DRIVEN BY SOME MYSTERIOUS COMPULSION! PERHAPS NOW IS MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS... KILL THEM ALL!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS... THE PLANE WON'T RESPOND WHEN I TRY TO TURN AWAY!
THEIR BRUTAL SLAUGHTER FINALLY OVER, THE PLANES HEAD BACK TO THEIR BASE...
I'LL HAVE TO RETURN WITH THEM... THERE'S NOTHING ELSE I CAN DO!
MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE STRANGE AIR FIELD...
YE GODS, BORTH, WHAT INHUMAN SADISM! YOU WERE MURDERING HELPLESS CIVILIANS!
YES, AND I NOTICED THAT YOU HELD YOUR FIRE! AS PUNISHMENT, YOU'LL FLY TWO MISSIONS TOMORROW! YOU'LL LEARN TO CONFORM, OR ELSE!
WHY, YOU SADISTIC MONSTER!
WHOOSH!
4

HA-HA! YOU'LL SEE HOW MUCH GOOD THAT SORT OF THING DOES YOU, HERE!
THAT PUNCH WAS AIMED STRAIGHT AT HIS JAW-- BUT IT SEEMED TO GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM! I DON'T GET IT!
THAT LIVID SCAR AROUND HIS THROAT... I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE! BUT WHERE?
WAIT, BILL! DON'T GO AFTER HIM! I-- I'M GOING TO TAKE A LONG CHANCE ON YOU-- MEET ME BEHIND THE BARRACKS... TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT..
OKAY, I'M HERE! NOW WHAT?
THIS!
WOW! WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
I HAD TO DO THAT TO FIND OUT! AND I WAS RIGHT... YOU AREN'T LIKE THE OTHERS! YOU'RE... YOU'RE REAL!
I ENJOYED THE EXPERIMENT BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!
I'LL EXPLAIN WHAT I CAN! I'M NORA BENTLEY, AN ARMY NURSE! THE MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE I WAS ABOARD GOT OFF COURSE AND CRASHED IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR HERE, AND I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR! FOR DAYS I WANDERED, LOST-- FINALLY, I STUMBLED ONTO THIS FIELD! THEY... THEY THOUGHT I'D BEEN SENT TO JOIN THEM... JUST AS THEY DID WITH YOU!
BUT TELL ME... WHAT GOES ON HERE? THIS PLACE, IT'S... IT'S UNEARTHLY! AND THE MEN, THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLY ALIKE ABOUT THEM!
SHH... A SENTRY! IF THEY FIND OUT WE'RE NOT LIKE... LIKE THEM, IT'S CURTAINS FOR BOTH OF US! WE'VE GOT TO GO NOW.. MEET ME HERE TOMORROW NIGHT!

NEXT MORNING...
I'VE GOT TO FLY WITH THESE CREEPS AGAIN-- THERE'S NO WAY OUT! NONE OF THE OTHER PILOTS SEEM VERY KEEN ON FLYING EITHER... I WONDER..
ANOTHER MISSION--VOT TORTURE! HOW LONG CAN ZIS GO ON?
YOU'RE SIGNED UP FOR THE DURATION, FOOL-- FOREVER!
AS THE FLIGHT APPROACHES ITS TARGET...
AND, AS THE GHASTLY SLAUGHTER OF THE DAY BEFORE IS REPEATED...
WHY, IT'S THE SAME TOWN.. EXACTLY AS IT WAS BEFORE YESTERDAY'S ATTACK! THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF DAMAGE... AND THE PEOPLE... THEY'RE ALL ALIVE AGAIN!
THE TOWN MUST BE SOME SORT OF MIRAGE...BUT IT'S ALL SO REAL! I'LL PRETEND TO JOIN IN, AND EMPTY MY GUNS IN THE HILLSIDE! I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO FIGURE THINGS OUT!
BACK AT THE PHANTOM AIRFIELD AGAIN..
GOOD GRIEF -- THEY FLY THAT SAME HORRIBLE MISSION OVER AND OVER... FOREVER! NOW IT ALL FITS TOGETHER... INCLUDING THAT GRUESOME SCAR OF BORTH'S! HE'S WERNER BORTH, THE NOTORIOUS LUFTWAFFE WAR-CRIMINAL, AND-- IT'S INCREDIBLE-- BUT I'M POSITIVE HE WAS HANGED IN 1946!
WE'VE STUMBLED INTO AN UNEARTHLY WORLD, NORA! THIS PLACE IS A KIND OF PURGATORY-- AND THESE MEN ARE THE SADISTIC PILOTS WHO TOOK PLEASURE IN THE SLAUGHTER OF WAR, WHEN ALIVE! THEY'RE TRAPPED HERE-- SUSPENDED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH-- FORCED TO LIVE OVER AND OVER THE VICIOUS PATTERN OF THEIR SINS!
I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT, BUT... BUT IT SEEMS UNBELIEVABLE! YOU'RE RIGHT, WE MUST ESCAPE!
THAT NIGHT-- AS BILL KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT WITH NORA...
WE CAN'T TRUST THE PHANTOM PLANES! WE'VE GOT TO REPAIR THE SHIP I CAME IN! TRY TO HOLD THIS FLASHLIGHT SO THAT NONE OF THOSE CREEPS WILL SPOT IT!
THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE!
WE'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER, NORA! I THINK BORTH SUSPECTS US... HE SAW ME EMPTYING MY GUNS ON THE MISSION THIS AFTERNOON! WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE... TONIGHT!
SO YOU FOUND OUT THEY AREN'T HUMAN, BUT HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT WHAT THIS PLACE IS?
6

HAMPERED BY DARKNESS, THE WORK GOES ON WITH INFINITE SLOWNESS! AS THE HOURS STEAL AWAY...
HURRY-- IT GETTING LATE!
IT'S THE MAGNETO-- IF I CAN ONLY FINISH WIRING IT!
TOO LATE, BILL! HERE THEY COME FOR THE DAWN MISSION! LET'S RUN FOR IT!
WAIT, NORA... I'VE FIXED IT! INTO THE PLANE!
I'LL TOSS OUT THIS CHUTE TO MAKE ROOM FOR BOTH OF US! HANG ON TIGHT, NORA... IT'S NOW, OR NEVER!
THE FOOLS ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE AFTER THEM! SHOOT THEM DOWN IN FLAMES!
MY COMPASS WON'T WORK IN THIS HAUNTED AREA! BUT THERE COMES THE SUN... I'LL FLY BY THAT
FASTER, BILL! THEY'RE GAINING!
WE'RE SUNK-- THEY'RE OVERTAKING US! WE CAN'T OUTRACE PHANTOM PLANES! BILL, WHY ARE YOU TURNING? THEY'LL HEAD US OFF!
MAYBE NOT... IF I REMEMBER MY GEOGRAPHY! I THINK I RECOGNIZE THAT RIVER DOWN THERE!
AS BILL'S PLANE CROSSES THE RIVER...
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENED? THEY'VE TURNED BACK... AS THOUGH THEY HIT AN INVISIBLE BARRIER!
YES, THAT RIVER SAVED OUR LIVES, NORA! IT'S THE HEADWATERS OF THE OHGLY, THE HOLY RIVER OF INDIA! NO SPIRITS FROM THE OTHER WORLD CAN CROSS IT! WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW!
Later...
I CAN HAROLY BELIEVE WE'RE REALLY SAFE IN KARACHI, BILL! EVERYTHING STILL SEEMS UNREAL!
ANYTIME YOU DOUBT OUR REALITY, NORA, I SEEM TO REMEMBER YOU HAD A SURE-FIRE TEST!
THE END

OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

GREETINGS, ALL YOU loyal fans and staunch supporters of *"Out of The Night"!*

It's swell to meet up with you again in the pages of this, the most *different* magazine on the newsstands. And we say *different* because that's what it's been since first it was published...and that's what it's going to remain! True, there are other publications dealing with the supernatural...many of them, indeed. Too frequently, however, they concern themselves with mere horror...and that, most distinctly, is not the purpose of *"Out of The Night"*. What we are striving to bring you are thrilling and imaginative stories from out of the realm beyond life itself...stories which fascinate, challenge and entertain. In each and every case, such stories are the products of tried and able writers, brought into gripping life through the efforts of skilled illustrators. What emerges are pulsing picture stories that live up to the highest editorial standards of exciting entertainment, rather than senseless terror.

This is what you readers want, and we're going to continue to bring it to you. You've made your preferences known through countless letters to us, and we're abiding by your tastes. As a matter of fact, the issue which you're now reading is a clear reflection of your expressed desires...and we think you'll like it! Where else have you ever read such a story as *"The Weird Window"*? It's straight out of the teeming *Unknown* itself, its eerie fascination stealing spookily into the innermost recesses of your mind. And for a blazingly new experience in supernatural reading, *"The Unknown Ghost"* will linger long in your memory. Then, there's *"The Phantom Fliers"*, guaranteed for gasps...and *"The Black Beyond"*, a thriller which is *really* out of this world! They're all there for top thrills and sparkling entertainment...a super-issue if you've ever seen one!

We'd like to know how you react to this all-thrill number, and invite you to write us. Address your letter to The Editor, *"Out of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll print your letter if we have space...meanwhile, let's see what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading 'Out of The Night' *and want to congratulate you on a fine piece of reading material. I believe that anyone who's interested in the supernatural...and who isn't...will find your magazine the top of the list for the finest of comics on such matter. So get your writers busy and let's have more of these wonderful and spine-tingling stories. Don't change them a bit...they're swell just as they are!*

--M. L. P., Rio Linda, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

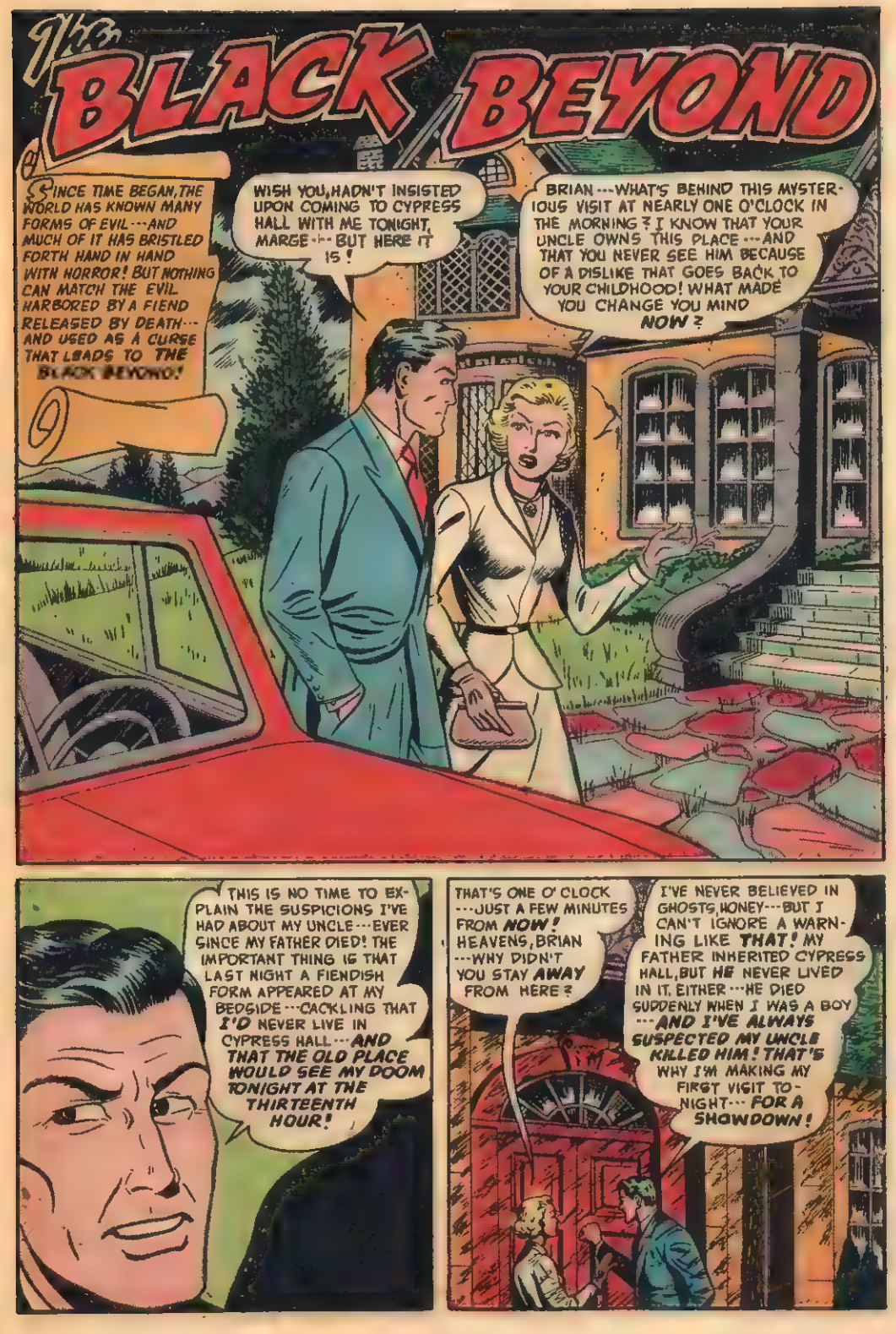
My husband and I like supernatural stories tremendously...but up to now, we've never found any that are truly worthwhile. Most have been merely senseless and fantastic. But now we've discovered 'Out of The Night', *a truly great magazine. We're recommending it to everyone!*

--Mrs. E. Wymer, Shawnee, Kansas."

"Dear Editor:-

I'm very much interested in 'Out of The Night', *as eerie and weird a magazine as I've ever read. All in all, it's the best I've ever seen, so keep up the fine work!*

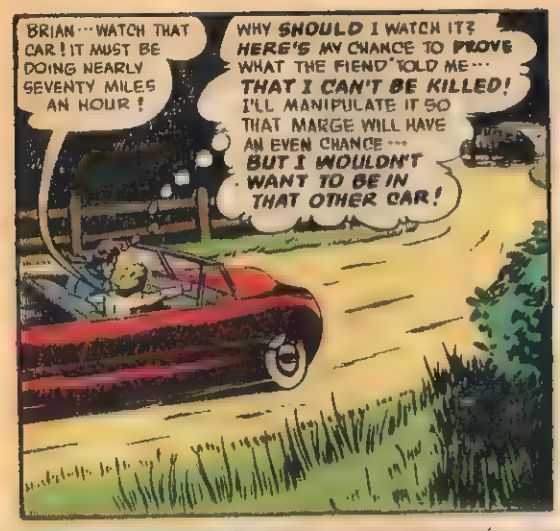
--J. Glassner, Brooklyn, N. Y."

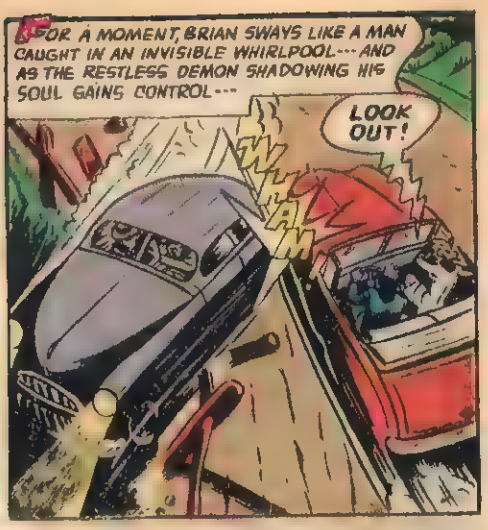

The BLACK BEYOND
SINCE TIME BEGAN, THE WORLD HAS KNOWN MANY FORMS OF EVIL···AND MUCH OF IT HAS BRISTLED FORTH HAND IN HAND WITH HORROR! BUT NOTHING CAN MATCH THE EVIL HARBORED BY A FIEND RELEASED BY DEATH··· AND USED AS A CURSE THAT LEADS TO THE BLACK BEYOND!
I WISH YOU, HADN'T INSISTED UPON COMING TO CYPRESS HALL WITH ME TONIGHT, MARGE···BUT HERE IT IS!
BRIAN···WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MYSTERIOUS VISIT AT NEARLY ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING? I KNOW THAT YOUR UNCLE OWNS THIS PLACE···AND THAT YOU NEVER SEE HIM BECAUSE OF A DISLIKE THAT GOES BACK TO YOUR CHILDHOOD! WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOU MIND NOW?
THIS IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN THE SUSPICIONS I'VE HAD ABOUT MY UNCLE···EVER SINCE MY FATHER DIED! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT LAST NIGHT A FIENDISH FORM APPEARED AT MY BEDSIDE···CACKLING THAT I'D NEVER LIVE IN CYPRESS HALL···AND THAT THE OLD PLACE WOULD SEE MY DOOM TONIGHT AT THE THIRTEENTH HOUR!
THAT'S ONE O' CLOCK ···JUST A FEW MINUTES FROM NOW! HEAVENS, BRIAN ···WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY AWAY FROM HERE?
I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN GHOSTS, HONEY···BUT I CAN'T IGNORE A WARNING LIKE THAT! MY FATHER INHERITED CYPRESS HALL, BUT HE NEVER LIVED IN IT, EITHER···HE DIED SUDDENLY WHEN I WAS A BOY ···AND I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED MY UNCLE KILLED HIM! THAT'S WHY I'M MAKING MY FIRST VISIT TONIGHT···FOR A SHOWDOWN!

STRANGE WE COULDN'T ROUSE ANYONE! MY UNCLE MUST BE HERE ···OR THE DOOR WOULD'VE BEEN LOCKED!
FOR GOODNESS SAKE, BRIAN··· SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS! THERE'S AN ATMOSPHERE TO THIS PLACE THAT MAKES ME SHUDDER!
A MOMENT LATER···IN A CHAMBER BROODING OVER ITS MUSTY SECRETS ··
OHH! BRIAN ···IT'S A CORPSE!
YEAH···MY UNCLE'S! I'M TOO LATE FOR THAT SHOWDOWN ···BUT I WONDER WHAT HE WAS WRITING WHEN HE DIED?
YE GODS! ACCORDING TO THE DATE HE DIED EXACTLY THIRTEEN NIGHTS AGO! AND WHEN YOU READ THIS, YOU'LL SEE THERE WAS JUST ONE THING WRONG WITH THE WAY I FELT ABOUT MY UNCLE ···I NEVER SUSPECTED ENOUGH ABOUT THAT MADMAN!
GOOD HEAVENS! HE FELT HE WAS DYING···AND DECIDED TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S MURDER! BUT EVEN ON HIS DEATHBED, HE ACTUALLY BOASTS ABOUT IT··· AND THE FACT THAT HE ALWAYS MEANT TO KILL YOU··· TO PREVENT YOUR INHERITING CYPRESS HALL!
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS FELT, MARGE··· A CONSUMING HATRED FOR BOTH MY FATHER AND MYSELF! AND I STILL FEEL IT···EVEN NOW ···WHEN HE'S DEAD!
THERE'S A MUFFLED ECHO CREEPS THROUGH THE SILENT HOUSE···
LISTEN! THE HALL CLOCK'S STRIKING ONE···THE THIRTEENTH HOUR! ACCORDING TO THAT FIEND YOU SAW···SOMETHING'S BOUND TO HAPPEN!
MAYBE IT WAS RIGHT··· THE BODY'S GIVING OFF A WEIRD GLOW! QUICK··· GET BEHIND THAT CABINET!
BONG!
AN INSTANT LATER···REARING FROM THE INERT FIGURE LIKE A BLOSSOM OF HORROR ···
GREAT GUNS··· LOOK!
BRIAN··· THAT HIDEOUS THING IS YOUR UNCLE'S SPIRIT!
NOT ONLY THAT··· BUT IT'S THE VERY CREATURE I SAW LAST NIGHT! IT'S LOOKING AROUND···AS IF IT'S WAITING FOR SOMETHING!
2.

FOR A MOMENT, TWO SICKLY SPLOTCHES OF LIGHT WAVER IN THE GLOOM---AND THEN---
WE HAVE COME TO ESCORT YOU TO THE NETHER WORLD OF EVIL--- THE BLACK BEYOND!
AHH! YOU HAVE KEPT THE PROMISE YOU MADE THE NIGHT I DREW MY LAST GASP---THAT YOU WOULD RETURN FOR ME THIRTEEN NIGHTS LATER ---AT THE THIRTEENTH HOUR!
I WAS EVIL BEYOND RECKONING WHILE I LIVED---AND NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE BLACK BEYOND ---IT IS AN EVIL THAT WILL NEVER DIE!
YOU HOLD THE FATE OF A HUMAN IN YOUR CLAWED HANDS! WHOEVER YOU CHOOSE WILL BE FORCED TO DO EVIL FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE --- SO THAT WHEN HE DIES---THERE WILL BE ANOTHER FIEND READY FOR THE BLACK BEYOND!
BY THE POWERS OF DARKNESS---I HAVE MADE MY CHOICE! LET EVIL HANG LIKE A SHROUD OF DOOM ON BRIAN FLETCHER--- LET CRIME AND VIOLENCE BE ON HIS HEAD WHEREEVER HE TURNS---UNTIL WE MEET IN THE BLACK BEYOND!
AS AN EERIE SHAFT OF LIGHT APPEARS ---LIKE THE PORTAL OF ANOTHER WORLD---
GOOD LORD--- THEY'RE DISAPPEARING!
BRIAN---WAIT! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE--- DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW THEM!
BRIAN---WHAT'LL WE DO? IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN YOU FELT YOUR DEAD UNCLE'S HATRED WAS STILL ACTIVE ---BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE SOMETHING LIKE THIS---A CURSE THAT WILL BLIGHT THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!
DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, HONEY! THAT FIEND MAY WANT TO MARK ME FOR EVIL ---BUT AS LONG AS I'VE GOT WILL POWER AND A CONSCIENCE--- IT ISN'T GOING TO WORK!
NEXT DAY---
I CERTAINLY FEEL BETTER ABOUT LAST NIGHT, DARLING---NOW THAT THERE'S SUNLIGHT ---AND BIRDS SINGING ALL AROUND US!
WATCH---I'LL BET I CAN HIT THAT ONE!
WHACK!
BRIAN--- DON'T!
YOU'VE KILLED IT, BRIAN--- AND I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO BE CRUEL BEFORE! WHY DID YOU DO IT?
MY GOSH, MARGE---I DON'T KNOW! IT WAS ALMOST AUTOMATIC---SOMETHING I COULDN'T CHECK!
3.

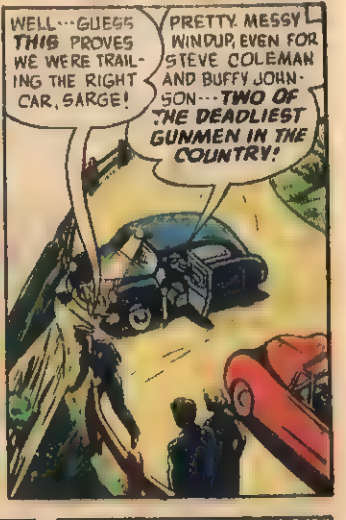
BRIAN···REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID? THAT YOU'D USE ALL THE WILL POWER YOU COULD COMMAND···THAT YOU WOULDN'T GIVE IN?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ···THAT THIS IS THE BEGINNING! BUT THE CURSE OF THE BLACK BEYOND HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, MARGE···SO FOR PETE'S SAKE···DON'T PUT IDEAS INTO MY HEAD!
BUT THE IDEA WAS ALREADY THERE··· GNAWING AT BRIAN'S SOUL! THAT NIGHT··· IN THE DEPTHS OF TORMENT···
WHY CAN'T I GET VIOLENCE AND EVIL OFF MY MIND? I CAN'T SLEEP···I CAN'T THINK···BECAUSE MY MIND'S CLOTTED WITH THE HORROR OF WHAT I'LL DO NEXT!
NO···NO···I'M NOT RESIGNING MYSELF TO IT! I DON'T CARE IF EVERY SKULKING FIEND IN THE BLACK BEYOND IS AGAINST ME···I'M GOING TO FIGHT EVERY MAD IMPULSE THEY CAN CONTRIVE ···AND DESTROY THE CURSE!
SUDDENLY···IN A GROWING SPLOTCH AGAINST THE DARKNESS···
HA HA HA!
THE FIEND! IT MUST HAVE SENSED MY DEFIANCE ···IT'S RETURNING FROM THE WORLD OF DOOM!
AS THE MONSTROUS FIGURE TAKES SHAPE···
I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO DESTROY THE CURSE··· AND LET YOU WRITHE WHEN YOU REALIZE WHAT YOUR CHANCES ARE! IT MEANS DESTROYING ME···AND THAT CAN HAPPEN ONLY IN THE BLACK BEYOND! WHAT CHANCE HAS A HUMAN TO REACH THE NETHER WORLD OF EVIL···WHEN THE GUIDING FIENDS COME ONLY FOR THE DEAD?
BEFORE YOU VANISH AGAIN, CREEP···REMEMBER THIS! I'M GOING TO REACH THE BLACK BEYOND AND SNUFF OUT YOUR FOUL EXISTENCE···IF I HAVE TO KILL MYSELF TO DO IT!
NEVER! YOU'RE FATED TO LIVE UNTIL YOU'VE PLUMBED THE UTTER DEPTHS OF EVIL···AND WHEN YOU FINALLY REACH THE BLACK BEYOND··· YOU'LL BE A CREATURE LIKE ME!
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER···
DARLING···DON'T TRY TO HIDE THE REASON FOR YOUR RESTLESSNESS FROM ME! I KNOW YOU'RE FIGHTING THE RISING URGE WITHIN YOU··· THE DARK FORCE THAT'S ENDLESSLY PRODDING YOU TOWARD EVIL!
WISH YOU HADN'T COME WITH ME···WHEN I REALIZE THAT HOUR BY HOUR ···I'M WEAKENING! IT KEEPS SEETHING··· AND SUPPOSE IT BURSTS FORTH IN BLIND FURY··· AND I TURN ON YOU?
4.


BRIAN···WATCH THAT CAR! IT MUST BE DOING NEARLY SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR!
WHY SHOULD I WATCH IT? HERE'S MY CHANCE TO PROVE WHAT THE FIEND TOLD ME··· THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED! I'LL MANIPULATE IT SO THAT MARGE WILL HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE··· BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN THAT OTHER CAR!

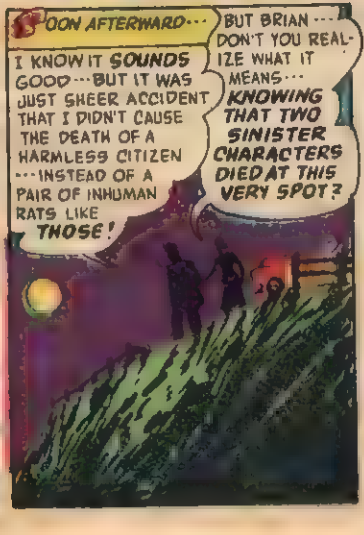

FOR A MOMENT, BRIAN SWAYS LIKE A MAN CAUGHT IN AN INVISIBLE WHIRLPOOL··· AND AS THE RESTLESS DEMON SHADOWING HIS SOUL GAINS CONTROL···
LOOK OUT!
WHAM

CRASH!

ONLY ONE THING COULD JOLT ME OUT OF THAT SATANIC MOOD THAT SEIZED ME···THE TERRIBLE REALIZATION THAT IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED··· I'VE KILLED SOMEONE!
BRIAN···THERE'S A POLICE CAR! WONDER WHAT BROUGHT IT HERE SO SOON?


WELL···GUESS THIS PROVES WE WERE TRAILING THE RIGHT CAR, SARGE!
PRETTY MESSY WINDUP, EVEN FOR STEVE COLEMAN AND BUFFY JOHNSON···TWO OF THE DEADLIEST GUNMEN IN THE COUNTRY!

YOU MEAN THOSE TWO MEN WERE CRIMINALS?
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY, SISTER! THEY GENERALLY SHOT THEIR VICTIMS IN THE BACK··· AND THEY WEREN'T PAST USING TORTURE TO GET RANSOM OR LEARN THE COMBINATION OF A SAFE! YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIEND HAD A NARROW SQUEAK··· BUT YOU'VE CERTAINLY DONE A PUBLIC SERVICE!


SOON AFTERWARD···
I KNOW IT SOUNDS GOOD···BUT IT WAS JUST SHEER ACCIDENT THAT I DIDN'T CAUSE THE DEATH OF A HARMLESS CITIZEN ···INSTEAD OF A PAIR OF INHUMAN RATS LIKE THOSE!
BUT BRIAN··· DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS··· KNOWING THAT TWO SINISTER CHARACTERS DIED AT THIS VERY SPOT?

YOU TOLD ME THAT NO HUMAN CAN REACH THE BLACK BEYOND ···BECAUSE THE FIENDS COME ONLY TO ESCORT THE EVIL DEAD! THAT MEANS THEY'LL BE HERE, BRIAN··AT THE THIRTEENTH HOUR, THIRTEEN NIGHTS FROM NOW···AND THIS TIME WE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM!

IT WON'T WORK, MARGE! WITH MY UNCONSCIOUS ATTRACTION FOR EVIL GETTING WORSE AND WORSE---HOW CAN I WAIT THIRTEEN DAYS? BY THAT TIME I'LL BE DANGEROUS---A MANIAC AROUND WHOM NO ONE WILL BE SAFE!
HEAVENS---THIS FENDER'S PRESSED AGAINST THE TIRE! NO USE YOUR TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN IT---JUST HAND ME THE WRENCH IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!
FOR AN INSTANT, MARGE HESITATES---THEN, WITH A DESPERATE GASP---
CRAK!
DARLING---I'M SORRY! BUT I KNEW YOU CAN'T BE KILLED---AND THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP YOU FROM EVIL DURING THE NEXT THIRTEEN DAYS IS TO HAVE YOU UNCONSCIOUS! YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN A HOSPITAL---UNDER A STRONG SEDATIVE!
THIRTEEN DAYS LATER--
YOU'RE STILL PRETTY UNSTEADY, BRIAN! MAYBE IT'D BE BEST IF WE FORGOT THE IDEA--- RATHER THAN RUN ANY RISKS NOW!
THAT'LL MEAN A FAR MORE TERRIBLE RISK, MARGE--- WAITING FOR THE CURSE TO SWEEP ME INTO A NEW OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE! THERE'S NO CHOICE---WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE SCENE OF THAT ACCIDENT BY ONE O'CLOCK!
HOSPITAL
THAT NIGHT---WITH THE MOON HUDDLED HIGH IN THE CLOUD-FLECKED SKY---
I'M SURE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE TWO CRIMINALS WILL TURN INTO FIENDS, BRIAN! I CAN SENSE SOMETHING OMINOUS IN THIS SPOT---AS IF SOMETHING WERE GOING TO HAPPEN!
HOW CAN I TELL HER THAT THE DANGER SHE FEELS IS DUE TO ME---NOW THAT THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUG ARE WEARING OFF? I'VE GOT TO HOLD OUT--- BECAUSE IF THE CURSE GETS THE BETTER OF ME NOW--- MY LAST HOPE WILL BE GONE!
THEN---WITH BRIAN'S HOARSE BREATHING MARKING EACH WAITING MOMENT---
EVEN IF THE FIENDS DON'T DETECT US---HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WE'LL BE UP AGAINST WHEN WE REACH THE BLACK BEYOND! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET MYSELF BE AFRAID, DARLING---AS LONG AS I'M WITH YOU!
SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT---SHE FEELS SAFE---BECAUSE SHE LOVES ME! BUT LOVE IS FOR HUMANS--- NOT FOR A CREATURE LIKE ME--- SINGLED OUT FOR THE KIND OF TERROR THAT WILL SHRIVEL MY SOUL!
MARGE---THIS IS THE MOMENT! NOTHING CAN CHECK IT--- NOW!
DARLING---YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S EXACTLY ONE O'CLOCK---AND THERE'S A STRANGE GLOW TAKING SHAPE NEAR THAT SHATTERED FENCE!
6

THEN---SCUTTLING UP FROM THE WRECKED CAR---
DEMONS OF THE BLACK BEYOND---WE ARE READY TO JOIN YOU!
GOOD LORD---I CAN'T LET MYSELF SINK DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO EVIL---UNTIL I LOOK LIKE THAT! EVERY SECOND I SPEND FIGHTING OFF THE CURSE IS LIKE A CENTURY OF TORMENT---BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP A GRIP ON MYSELF UNTIL WE REACH THE BLACK BEYOND!
BRIAN---THE FIENDS HAVE SPOTTED SOMETHING! IT'S A GLOW PROBING INTO THE DARKNESS---AND I CAN SEE TWO FIGURES TAKING SHAPE!
OUT OF THE UNHOLY BYWAY LEADING TO THE WORLD OF EVIL---
AT THE THIRTEENTH HOUR OF THE THIRTEENTH NIGHT, WE COME TO GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE SHAFT OF LIGHT!
THAT'S OUR CUE, MARGE! IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO REACH THE BLACK BEYOND---IT'LL HAVE TO BE NOW!
IN THE NEXT SECOND---TIME AND REALITY VANISH IN A DIZZY SWIRL!
WE'RE BEING SWEPT ALONG WITH THE FIENDS---BUT HOW WILL WE EVER GET BACK?
THAT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON ONE THING---WHETHER I CAN FIND THE DEMON THAT CURSED ME!
THE BLACK BEYOND! HERE WAS A REALM NO HUMANS HAD REACHED BEFORE---HIDDEN BEHIND THE SECRET FRONTIERS OF TERROR!
THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF THOSE CREATURES, BRIAN! ONE OF THEM IS THE FIEND THAT TOOK OVER YOUR UNCLE'S SOUL---BUT NOW CAN WE TELL WHICH ON IT IS?
HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA!
AS THE MONSTROUS FIGURES SWIRL PAST BELOW---SWAYING IN ONE VAST FERMENT OF EVIL---
SOMEHOW I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE A WAY TO SINGLE OUT THE FIEND I'M AFTER---BUT IT'S HOPELESS! I THOUGHT IT WAS HIDEOUS ENOUGH FOR ME TO BE IN THE CLUTCH OF THE BLACK BEYOND---BUT NOW IT HAS TRAPPED US BOTH!
LOOK, BRIAN---ONE OF THE FIENDS HAS DRAWN APART FROM THE OTHERS! IT'S GLANCING AROUND---AS IF IT'S PUZZLED---OR SUSPICIOUS!
GLINTING, THE INHUMAN EYES SCAN THE MURKY CRAGS---AND THEN---
I SENSED DANGER IN THE BLACK BEYOND---I FELT A GAZE THAT IS NOT EVIL UPON ME! THERE THEY ARE---WATCHING---PLOTTING OUR DOOM!
7.

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE FATE FOR HUMANS WHO ENTER THE BLACK BEYOND---A TERRIBLE DEATH FOR THEIR BODIES---AND ETERNAL PERDITION FOR THEIR SOULS!
I CAN GUESS WHY YOU DETECTED US, CREEP! YOU'RE THE DEMON SPAWNED BY MY UNCLE'S HATRED AND EVIL---THE THING I MUST DESTROY BEFORE THE CURSE IS LIFTED!
WITH THE GRISLY STRENGTH OF A BEING BEYOND LIFE---
YOU MIGHT HAVE DESTROYED ME---DAYS AGO! BUT YOU HAVE BEEN WEAKENED BY EVIL---SEEPING LIKE POISON THROUGH YOUR BODY! THESE CLAWS WILL REND YOU APART---AND THEN THE GIRL WILL KNOW THE HORROR OF DEATH IN THE BLACK BEYOND!
IT'S NO USE! EVIL BECAME THE BIGGEST THING IN MY LIFE---AND NOW I CAN'T FIGHT IT OFF!
IT ISN'T TRUE, BRIAN! WEREN'T WE TOGETHER ALL THIS WHILE---DIDN'T OUR LOVE PROVE IT COULD WITHSTAND THE CURSE? YOU'VE GOT TO OVERCOME THAT THING---BEFORE THE OTHERS REACH US!
THEN---WITH THE DESPERATION OF A SOUL FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL---
POW!
LATER---AT CYPRESS HALL---
EVEN THIS OLD HOUSE HAS BEEN FREED FROM THE ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL THAT CLUNG TO IT, BRIAN! NOW IT ALMOST SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR THE PEACE AND HAPPINESS IT LACKED ALL THESE YEARS!
WE'RE GOING TO PROVIDE THAT, HONEY---SOON AS WE'RE MARRIED! CYPRESS HALL WILL BE OUR HOME---AND YOU CAN BE PRETTY SURE IT WON'T BE HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF THE THING THAT DIED IN THE BLACK BEYOND!
THE END!
AAAGH!
LOOK! A FIEND HAS BEEN DESTROYED---IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK BEYOND!
HIS CURSE WILL DIE WITH HIM---HIS VICTIM WILL ESCAPE FROM THE SHADOW OF EVIL!
CRASH!
AS THE FIENDS DRAW BACK---REPELLED BY A PRESENCE THAT HAS MASTERED EVIL---
GOOD HEAVENS---THERE'S THE SHAFT OF LIGHT AGAIN!
YEP! THIS TIME IT'S TAKING US BACK TO WHERE WE BELONG---THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!

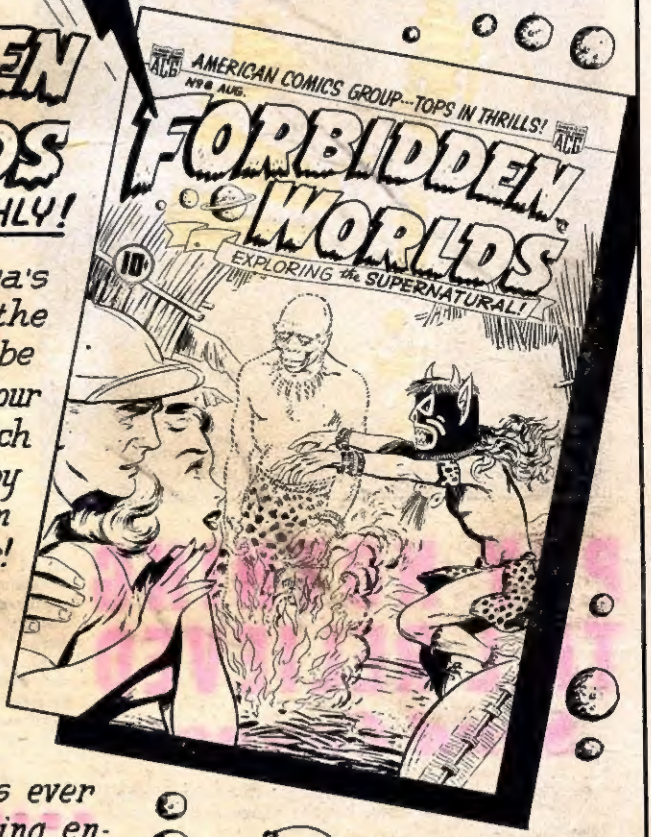
FLASH!

You asked for it...

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!



That's right---America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires--twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE **MONTHLY** MAGAZINE

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc. A

610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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